

Hectic by xsleepylilgeekyx

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Summary:

Story picks up from the scene before the "One Month Later" in s02e09
// Follow what happens after that hectic November night.

(Better description in authors note)

Hectic

Author's Note:

Hello! This is a rewritten form of my story "It's Gonna Take Time" because I wrote all that on three hours of sleep. In this story I plan to write these kids experiencing a childhood. This all takes place right from the time that is last seen before the "One Month Later" skip in S02E09 because I thought it was rude to leave out much valuable information so this is my take on what happens and so forth.
I hope you enjoy!

It was like a hot fire cracking on burning logs, the sound that is. It was like a rip in a pair of jeans that were getting stitched. Only that this was far more dangerous than any of those other two. The wall was slowly inching closer and closer apart as the thirteen year old with a bloody nose focused upon it.

The monster behind the patch that separated her and it seemed to be almost swimming. She concentrated more.

El started gasping for breath as the horrid memory of Dr. Brenner, Papa, appeared inside her mind. He walked towards her, it was just like what Kali had put in front of her a day ago. The image of her Mama getting cut open and a baby, her, which was taken by a bad, bad man. Memories of her being up close with the Demogorgon as a test experiment.

Bad.

So bad.

She groaned as anger rose more and more in her body. A cloud like smoke pierced its way through the thin wall and swirled just a few feet difference in front of her. The screams of her Mama being pulled away; hers too. Papa talking.

Anger.

Her face began to strain, dark purple lines sketching her face like lightning strikes as the words of Papa filled her mind. She felt her blood boiling at the memory going on in her head. Bad, bad, BAD. The swirls of smoke coming towards her faster and faster. Flipping vans. Arguing with Hopper. Kali.

El brought up a second hand to force more onto with as everything swarmed inside her head.

A blood curdling scream erupted from the small teenagers mouth made it seem like the whole world had stopped spinning at that very moment. It sounded as if fire was clenching the gate together as she used all the force and energy that she had inside of her to take down this god – awful demon behind the crack.

She wanted it gone.

She wanted it dead.

El was levitating.

Her eyes were filled with nothing but darkness. The screaming did not stop.

Hopper turned around and looked at El as she screamed. The crack in the void was closing faster and faster as the sparks from the flames inside burst all around El as her hands began to shake with the force as it fought against the Monsters smoke. Blood dripping down her neck from her ears as she shook.

The shrill ear – piercing scream soon came to an abrupt stop as the orange tinted light had finally formed together only to be followed by the loud thud of El's body smacking onto the shaft floor.

Miles outside of the Hawkins laboratory around the old pumpkin patch, Steve Harrington stood in front of the black Camaro, shielding his eyes with his arms just like the other three boys and girl were doing. The headlights finally dimmed down and they looked around at each other very confused.

Inside the cabin in the woods that belonged to Hopper, Joyce held her son close to her chest while Nancy and Jonathan sat around

them. The lights that filled the rooms finally dimmed down as they all took a breath of relief.

The gate was closed.

Hopper immediately dropped the gun as he pressed up on the elevator shaft, crouching down to his knees as he pulled El into his arms, hoisting her from her slumped position as he hugged her. She weakly clung onto the Chief Police Officer as everything in her view was slowly turning into nothing but blurred vision.

Tears painfully forced their ways through the sore slits of her eyes as everything about her hurt. Her eyes stung bloodshot. Her whole body sore. Several blood vessels popped along her face. She was in pain.

El tried to grip tightly onto the collar of Hopper's shirt but her grasp was too weak so she just relaxed into his arms and cried. Hopper fought back tears as he bit down on his lip. He took deep stifled breaths as he ran his hand over the back of her head.

"You did good kid." He praised, sniffing as he hugged her tighter and she shook within his grasp, tears mixing with the blood stained on her face. "You did so good."

El's vision weakened and her body fell limp in Hopper's arms as the elevator was slowly reaching the top of where they entered. He kissed her forehead and shifted her body where one arm was under the back of her knees and the other underneath her shoulders. Her small figure stayed limp in his arms as he started to step over the broken glass with only his flashlight leading his direction through the dark halls.

"It's okay kid, you're going to be okay."

A sharp, chill wind blew through the halls as Hopper turned towards the nearest window. Every window pane was shattered from El's fight against this monster. He breathed deeply as he made his way to the staircase, slowly going down each step, making sure El was still okay.

As Hopper finally reached the ground floor he noticed that Doctor Owens was still sitting in the same spot as he was before. Hand

tightly on the gun with a dead Demodog in front of him. His eyes squinting as one hand covered the light coming from Hopper's flash light. The smile faded once he saw El's state in Hopper's arms.

"I expect my request be granted because this little girl did just save your ass." Hopper states as Doctor Owens nods. "Stay put where you are and give me time because my girl's life is more important than yours at this moment." As Hopper was nearing the door, he looked back at Owens and said, "And I mean granted Doc."

With that, Hopper was out of the door and walked to his police car. He opened the door to the backseat and laid El across them, her head being propped up by a jacket. She was ice cold so he grabbed a blanket he had in the trunk and tightly wrapped her in it as he got into the driver's side and started the engine, pulling out of Hawkins Laboratory.

"This is the last time you're be here." He says as he looks at the building become smaller and smaller, slowly disappearing in sight through the mirror. "I promise."

Steve had crammed all four kids back into the Camaro that belonged to Max's asshole of a brother and was driving instead of a thirteen year old. Dustin was focusing on the road intensely incase Steve's consciousness started to fade out from his recent fight while Mike sat in the back seat squished against the window because of Max and Lucas sitting beside each other.

His mind raced with the thoughts of El and what she could be doing at this very moment. He wanted to think positive thoughts, saying to himself that El would come running back into his arms once they all met at the Byers but Mike highly doubted it. He had an odd feeling that something was wrong with her and it was eating at him.

His foot bounced up and down as he messed with this hands, a nervous go-to he always had, while he stared at the streetlights.

A loud static beep came through the car and it shot Mike out of his thoughts. Dustin pulled up the antenna and held down on the button of the SuperCom.

“Hello?” Dustin answered.

More static noises sound until the worried voice of Jonathan Byers rang through. “Where are you guys? Are you guys safe?”

Dustin looked around the car and back at Steve’s busted face, wincing, “Uh, yeah, you could say that.” Steve glared at him as he turned his attention back to the road. “Is Will okay?”

Jonathan gave a small laugh through the static, “Yes. He’s fine. We’re heading back in that direction in just a few minutes.” There was a small voice come from the background and Jonathan laughed again, “Will says to rip those drawing down.”

“Okay, see you then. Over and out.” Dustin responded as he closed down the antenna. “Will is okay guys.”

Mike just sat back and closed his eyes, the images of El fluttered through his mind. Her walking through the door. Her hugging him. But nothing perfect lasted forever as the thoughts of someone bargaining in and taking El, wearing Hawkins Lab suits. He tried to shut them out with the picture of her with her slick-back longer hair and dark clothing. How much she had changed from the girl with a shaved head he found in the woods that one rainy night.

He couldn’t help but feel spots of anger soar through his mind as he thought about the fact that he called her for three hundred and fifty three days straight, not having a single answer, him fearing that she was dead. Him not knowing where she was. Him having constant nightmares over her, only to find out that she was less than an hour away from him all along.

He hated Hopper. He wanted to punch Hopper some more. Scream at him until his lungs gave out. But he had already let Hopper in too much in Will’s bedroom when he broke down into sobs, screaming “liar” at Hopper because those were the only words that his mind let him slip in the conversation. So much pain had been present at that time in him but only so little slipped out.

“Are you okay Mike?” Max asked, her head turned facing him.

Mike looked at her then quickly cut glances back to the window. He tried to focus by counting street lights and not focus on the several thoughts running wild in his mind.

It was approaching twelve in the morning by the time that Steve had finally pulled into the Byers home. He stumbled out, letting the swarm of kids out behind him. They all crowded around the car while Mike faced the other way, waiting to see Hopper's police car pull up into the driveway.

"Is your brother still in there?" Lucas asked, looking at Max.

Max shrugged, "I don't know. He couldn't have made it very far after that shot if he woke up, especially without his car."

Lucas looked at Steve, "Mrs. Byers is on her way back and there is a passed out teenager in her floor?"

Steve thought of a plan, "Go inside and see if he's still there. If he is, we will wait till Chief Hopper gets here and he can deal with him."

"Are you going to press charges?" Dustin asked.

"Nah." Steve said, shaking his head. "He didn't kill me."

"You still look like shit."

"Shut the hell up."

Lucas, Dustin, and Max headed back into the Byers home to check on Billy and follow Will's orders of ripping the drawings down. Steve followed them, coming up with a plan to get Billy out of the house. While Mike stayed at the back of the Camaro and waited for some sort of light.

It was cold and Mike only had a light jacket on, but at this point, he didn't care anymore.

Mike's thoughts were cut off again as this time, a pair of headlights appeared at the end of the driveway and pulled closer. His heart skipped, hoping it was El but it was just Joyce's old car. He still felt better because his friend was back, but it wasn't who he needed.

Jonathan exited out of the driver's seat and Nancy got out of the passengers. Joyce was sitting in the back with Will, whose eyes were bloodshot and tired. Joyce followed behind Will as he slowly stumbled into the house. Nancy closed the door behind the three as Joyce stared at the passed out teenager in the floor.

"Who the hell is in my floor?"

Max gave a sheepish smile, "That would be my brother."

Joyce sighed, "It doesn't matter. Will, lay down on the couch. I'm going to run you a bath." She glanced around the room frantically, "Get these damn things off the wall, and the kid out of my floor."

Dustin leans over to Steve, "Wait until she checks the freezer."

"Hey Will, how're you feeling?" Max asked, looking over Will.

Will was in a daze. "M Fine."

Nancy pushed back Will's bangs while Jonathan sat at the foot of the couch, paying close attention to Will, making sure he didn't pass out just yet. Nancy lazily stroked his hair and looked out the window, seeing Mike standing in the middle of the driveway.

"I'll be right back." Nancy told Jonathan.

Nancy pulled on a jacket as the cold November air sent chills through her body, despite the fact she was just overheated minutes ago. "Why don't you come inside Mike?" She asked, "It's getting colder."

"I need to know she's okay."

"I'm sure she is-,"

Mike turned towards his sister, worry written across his face. "What if she's not? What if she got hurt? What if she got trapped in the void? Only this time she won't ever come back?" He spat furiously. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, "I've waited months for this Nancy..." His voice started to crack as tears swirled in his brown eyes, "I need her to be okay."

Nancy knew how much he cared about this girl from the time he had disrespected the agency that was searching for her in his house many months ago. She knew from the times she was woken up by the sound of crying in his bedroom at two in the morning.

“El is smart.” Nancy said as she wrapped her arms around her little brother who was the same height as her, pulling him into a hug. “She closed the gate.”

“But she could still-,”

“Shhh.” Nancy whispered, “She’ll be fine.”

It felt like an eternity until the sight of headlights appeared from the turn in of the driveway, shining brightly against the trees leading up to the Byers home. Nancy informed him that she was going to go tell the people inside about Hopper arriving. Mike didn’t move once.

The engine of Hopper’s car shut off and Mike was immediately around the back side doors. Hopper climbed out, wanting to make a comment about the fact he had just pulled in but he kept quiet, knowing how much pain this kid has been going through for the past year. Hopper just nodded and opened up the back seat door where El was still lying on her back unconscious.

More blood had made its way down her face.

Hopper reached inside and shifted El into his arms. Her body fell limp against him like deadweight and he sighed. She hadn’t stirred once on the way to the Byers. Mike, Hopper could tell, was about to lose his mind seeing that El was out cold.

“Get the door for me Wheeler,” Hopper instructed, “Hurry.”

Mike raced to the door and pushed it open as Hopper carried El in, being careful to not hurt El. Everyone was looking around at one another as Hopper laid El on the couch. “I need blankets. She’s cold as ice.” Max quickly tossed him one from the chair that was beside her while Jonathan ran to his room and grabbed his comforter. “Shit.”

El was completely sickly white and had dark purple lines across her

face, signs of busted blood vessels covered her face. Her lips purple and bruises forming around her forehead and neck. It was almost disturbing to look at her. Hopper checked her for a pulse; thankfully finding one. He held a finger under her nostrils, feeling light puffs of air and seeing a small nose twitch.

"Is Eleven, err... El okay?" Max asked, a look of concern on her face as she looked at El.

Mike had already dropped right in front of the couch, reaching for one of her hands but quickly retracted them once he felt how cold they were. They were stiff and red. He took her hands again and rubbed his together, trying to warm her skin. "Does anyone have any gloves?"

Lucas took his off and handed them to Mike.

"What happened to her?" Mike questioned, staring at the girl in front of him. "Why does she look like this?"

Hopper crouched down beside Mike, tucking the blankets that Jonathan gave him around El tightly. A look of sadness and worry washed his face as he brought his hand up and pushed the stray curl that had popped out from the gel out of her face. "She over did herself..." Hopper trailed, "Her powers, I mean... It- It hurt her."

"How?"

"She wanted it closed... She did so well." Hopper said, continuing to stroke his fingers through El's hair. "The shadow thing, it sent out a tornado like smoke towards her and she forced herself to extend her powers... She lifted herself from the ground in the run through... It sealed the gate shut, for good." Hopper smiled, "She did so good."

Joyce examined El, "Poor sweetheart." She whispered, "She's covered in blood... She looks so sick." Hopper stood back up and walked towards Joyce. "Nancy, will you put a heater in Jonathan's room for her. She needs warmth."

Steve and Jonathan reappeared from the back of the house, the sound of a car driving off sounded from outside. "He's gone now." Steve

said with a weak smile, looking at Max. "I made it clear that he would not say anything wrong of you to your parents and that you were staying at a friend's house."

Max smiled, "Thank you Steve."

"You kids need to get some rest." Hopper announced at the group of teenagers that were standing around the couch. "It has been a long day... we will pick up in the morning and see how things proceed from there. Alright?"

A swarm of "alright" filled the air.

"You all can sleep in Will's room tonight." Joyce said, "I'll get blankets and pillows from the closet."

Joyce walked off to retrieve the blankets while the teenagers just stood around. Max was leaning her head on Lucas's shoulder while Dustin sat on the couch, fiddling with his SuperCom. Lucas's eyes kept lingering on the bruises and blood all over El's face.

"Is she even going to wake up?" Lucas spoke, "She looks bad."

"Shut up Lucas." Mike snapped.

"What are you even-,"

"HEY!" Hopper interrupted, "There is no time for damn teenage bickering right now. Go and make sure Will is okay and get some sleep. Including you Wheeler."

"What? No! Are you crazy?" Mike yelled, "You are not taking her away from me again Hopper. You aren't." He glared at Hopper, "I'm not leaving her."

Hopper sighed and shook his head, throwing his hands up in defeat. "I've got more things to worry about than fighting with a thirteen year old." He turned and faced Joyce, "I've got to go take care of some things at the Lab with Doc Owens. Can you keep an eye out on El for me?"

"Of course Jim." Joyce said with a smile.

Hopper took a deep breath and crouched back down, pulling El into his arms once again from the couch. She was still nothing but dead weight in his grip. He carried her to Jonathan's bedroom and laid her down in his bed gently, tucking her back into the covers and he pushed back her falling out curls. "You're going to be okay kid."

Mike waited until he heard Hopper's car leave from the driveway before he made his way back to Jonathan's bedroom. He stopped by Will's room and saw Will asleep in his bed with Dustin sleepily reading an X-Men comic book while Lucas read another one as Max slept with her head in his lap.

Mike pulled a chair up beside Jonathan's bed.

"El, it's me – Mike." He whispered, grabbing ahold of her gloved-clad hand. "You closed the gate." He smiled, "You hear me? You saved us again." He looked down at her wrist which had the bandana tied around it, covering the 011 tattoo. "Could you give me a sign that you're okay right now...? I know you're just sleeping, but..." Mike saw El's nose twitch and it caused him to smile. "Chief said you did great... You scared me though, I thought I was going to lose you again. But I can't lose you again, and I won't ever."

"She's pitiful."

Mike turned his head to face the direction of the sound. It was Joyce. She was holding a wet wash cloth and a glass of water. She sat the glass down on the bedside table as Mike scooted his chair over a little so Joyce could see El.

She began to lightly wipe the dirt and blood from El's face, "You need to get some sleep Mike. She's going to be okay. She's just really tired right now." Joyce softly spoke as she wiped the blood from El's ears. That feeling caused El's face to scrunch up but soften back. "See, she's reacting... She's just tired."

"I want her awake."

Joyce finished cleaning off El's face and kissed the top of Mike's head. "I know you do. But you know she wouldn't want you moping around until she woke. Get some sleep."

Mike sat there for a while, watching as El took every breath. It was just them and it was nice until he heard the door creak open. The table side clock read a quarter till two in the morning. It was Will and he was slowly making his way towards them.

“Is – Is she going to be okay?”

“Yes.” Mike responded, “She’s got to be. She’s El after all.” Mike ran his thumb over her hand. “How are you feeling?”

Will shrugged, “Sore, I suppose.” He placed his hand over the bandage that was covering the burn mark from where Nancy had placed the burning metal rod. “But... better.”

“I’m glad you’re okay Will.”

“She’s going to be okay too.”

Will and Mike talked for a few minutes until Joyce caught him and sent him back to bed. Hopper appeared back in the Byers home around three and Mike was sound asleep. His head resting on the mattress beside El’s side. His hand still securely wrapped around hers.

“Thanks for keeping an eye on her.” Hopper had told him when he was fighting sleep.

He was in a light sleep when he started feeling a grip being pressed into his hand. He blinked slowly as he rubbed his eyes with his free hand. He felt his left hand being gripped onto and he brought his gaze up to El. Her eyes were open and facing the ceiling. Her grip became shaky as she turned her head and smiled,

"M-Mike."

Author's Note:

Please leave kudos and comments, I want opinions and thoughts on my story! Thank you :)